

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements &c.

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DRS. HUNTER & KEEPERS,

DENTISTS,

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

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Office in Hunter's building, -m25757

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Physician and Surgeon.

Malaga, Monroe County, Ohio.

July 1, 1877.

WILLIAM WALTON, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

(Office on Main street).

WOODSFIELD, OHIO

Feb. 6.

W. L. WEST, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

JOLLY, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO.

Will attend promptly to all calls during the day or night.

Feb. 7, 75.

T. H. ARMSTRONG, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Office and residence in the Hollister property, west side of town, near Union School House.

Feb. 7, 75.

D. J. WAY, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

ELM COVE, Washington Tp., Monroe County, Ohio.

All calls promptly attended to, during the day or night.

Feb. 23, 75.

I. F. FARQUHAR, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

Office and residence in the Hollister property, west side of town, near Union School House.

Feb. 23, 75.

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JOHN J. HOLLISTER, Notary Public.

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Poetry.

A MOTHER'S DIARY.

Morning! Baby on the floor,

Smiling up at me with eyes so blue,

And with a smile that says, "I love you."

All the spoons upset and gone,

Chairs drawn into a row,

Happened things all strung across,

Oh! to make one smile!

Well as they are able,

(How these charms will dwindle)

For I rather think—don't you?

Baby "is a divine!"

Noon! A tangled tangle of

Getting in bluejeans,

Aprons that will not keep clean,

One blue shoe untied, and one

Underneath the table,

Chairs gone mad, and blocks and toys,

Well as they are able,

Baby in a high chair, too,

Yelling for his dinner.

Spoon in mouth, I think—don't you?

Baby "is a divine!"

Night! Chairs all set back again,

Blocks and spoons in order,

One blue shoe beneath a mat,

Tells of a marauder;

Apron folded on the chair,

Two pink feet kicking prettily bare,

Little feet kicking prettily bare,

His cry, and congealed too,

By sleep, best evenger,

Now I learnly think—don't you?

Baby is an angel!

TO SELECT STAFF.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

In the autumn of 1871, while the woods

were bright with the variegated hues

which follow the light touches of early

fall, a mounted traveler was pursuing

his way through a dark, lonely

forest, in the western part of New York.

He had ridden three miles since seeing

a human habitation, and he had two

or three miles more to go before he could

reach a village. He was descending a hill into a

valley, through which flowed a

shallow, but swift running stream, and

on reaching the water he permitted his

horses to stop and drink.

At that moment a man came out from

a cluster of bushes into the road or

path, on the other side of the

stream. This man was dressed like a

hunter, and carried a rifle on his

shoulder. He was of medium size, com-

pactly built, with intellectual features, and

a certain air of gentility—seemingly rather

as one abroad from a settlement for a

day's sport than a professional hunter.

All this the mounted traveler carefully

noted as he crossed the stream to con-

tinue his journey, and when they came

together a pleasant salutation was ex-

changed.

"Fine weather for traveling, sir," re-

marked the man with the gun.

"And for hunting also, I should sup-

pose," smiled the other on the horse.

"Yes, there is game enough," returned

the hunter, "but I am not a good hunter,

and can only show one bear for my day's

work so far, and that is almost useless to

me, because I have no means to take it

away. I would willingly pay a dollar

Sense and Nonsense.

A Western woman said of her last

husband, "I never knew a man who

was so kind to me as my husband was."

"I never knew a man who was so kind

to me as my husband was," said a

man, "but I never knew a man who

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